The Assassin and Other Stories.

Michael Kersting

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(A companicn volume to " The Whitechapel Horror and Other Stories)

By

Michael Kersting

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To my children Amaly, Vanessa, Natasha and Marc
God's greatest gifts to me.

The Assassin.

The Assassin emerged from the roof door. He was tall, thin, with flowing black hair that hung to his shoulders. A hawk nose hung over his thin compressed lips, and a pair of the coldest grey eyes searched the skies.

He was carrying a specially made leather guncase in his bony right hand.

After searching the skies for any helicopters, he walked easily to the edge of the roof that had a two feet tall blank wall. He stooped down and clicked open the case. He looked at his watch. It read 2:25. 'Another few minutes to go before the head of state car come into view', he figured.

He was a meticulous man, having gone over the site several times to note any flaws in the area. All panned out perfectly.

He heard the sirens in the distance and, tensed. He began assembling the weapon quickly, expertly. After loading it,he sighted the street below. He adjusted the focus and waited.

The front police car appeared, it's siren blaring. It was followed by six outriders on motor cycles, three on each side of the limousine.

The Assassin took in a deep breath.

Finger on trigger.

Cheek to stock.

Eye to scope.

Crosshair direct on target's head.

Taking in a deep breath,he said, "this is for my son,you bloody butcher." He thought of his only son who had died on the battlefield in the Middle

East. As tears flowed from his eyes

He squeezed the trigger.

He saw the vehicle swerved into the crowd . Getting up quickly, he rdisassembled the weapon then headed back through the roof door . Descending a short flight of steps,he walked briskly into a corridor. Boarding the elevator, he pressed the ground floor button crossed the almost empty lobby and walked across to the parking lot,where he got into his car and drove off.

Later, at his apartment, the assassin sat before the TV and watched a replay broadcast of the event on the six o.clock news. Suddenly, he bolted upright in his seat, and couldn't believe his eyes,

For there before him, was the Head of State, visibly shaken, emerging from the police car that rode BEHIND the official visitor's Limousine.

He couldn't help smiling at the trick,

"Yes .' he concluded wryly, "Those security dicks are good. The bloody Devil sure takes care of his own ,but it wouldn't be my last " he swore bitterly.

He got up and turn off the TV set.

He later learned that a dummy took the bullet in the state car.

Wolf !

It was a chilly winter day. The wind was strong and howling as the snow flurry begins to fall.

A woman wrapped in a thick winter coat made her way hurriedly down a beaten path toward the village. Her heart was pounding in her breast, for there was talk about a maurading wolf in the area.

A werewolf ,

This was substantiated when the villagers saw to their horror and amazement that the paws they were following had changed into footprints in the snow heading towards the village.

They became suspicious of each other.

The werewolf had already killed six people disembowelling them with fury and the villagers were afraid to go out. A hunting party was formed ,but the wolf was elusive and always kept one step ahead of them, so they decided to hire a professional hunter named Parker. who set traps in the woods around the village and waited.

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The woman hastens her steps. Out of sight of from her untrained eye, is a sleek gray creature. He watches without blinking as his unsuspecting prey hurries across the field without a clue that she is being watched.

He waits as she moves across the ground.

Watching,

Waiting.

She gets close, so close,

Patience, not yet..he thought.

She walks past him, inches from his vantage point without seeing him. He doesn't relax. He can't afford to let this opportunity slip through his claws. He uses his keen

sense of hearing to listen. If he were to leave his position he could lose his advantage on her. The slightest movement of muscle could give him away.

His ears perk . He readies himself for the attack.

His heart is beating faster and faster.

He can hear his blood rushing through his veins.

She gets closer.

He positions his hind feet under his strong muscular body.

He readies his fangs for the kill.

The moment is almost here.

He tensed his leg muscles. Eyes fixed on the target

NOW ! he thought

Her scream pierces the air.as he pounces .

His huge form sails through the air as if in slow motion towards her, his orange eyes blazing, his lips curling back in a snarl as he opened his mouth , showing long yellow fangs.
A loud shot rang out.,shattering the silence.

The impact of the silver bullet caught him flush in his chest spinning him around in mid air and he fell heavily in the snow at the woman's feet . His muscles went into involuntary spasms as his blood spread quickly over the snow.

The woman fainted.

"Looks like we got here just in time."said Parker the hunter to his companion

"Yeah, and not a bit too late." replied his companion staring at the twitching creature.

Then the transformation began as the two hunters looked on in amazement.

"No wonder we couldn't find him."cried Parker

The werewolf slowly changed into the village preacher who had arrived a month earlier in the village.

News !

I read about the murder in the morning papers. It Read:

" *London, Nov. 9.- The city is again stirred to its very center, and again mysterious murder is the cause.*
The cause, this time, is evidently another in the dread Whitechapel series, though it differs from the others in some particulars.
In the first place, this latest addition to the list of horrors was made indoors.
A house in Dorset street, near Hamburg street, was the scene of the murder.
A woman was the victim, as in the other cases, and her body was shockingly mutilated. It was found not many hours after the violence had been done.
The murder had been committed in the woman's own room.
News of the discovery spread rapidly after it was once given out, and in a short time the vicinity was thronged with excited and morbidly curious people.
The police authorities took charge of the body and the house at once after the fact of the murder became known to them. They brought into use bloodhounds, which were lately tested for the purpose of hunting own the Whitechapel murderer in hope that the brutes could catch the scent and follow up the trail of the assassin.
The Lord Mayor's parade made an emergency which called a great portion of the police force to special duty in controlling the crowds in the streets. Hence the rigid patrol which has been kept up in the Whitechapel district was somewhat relaxed.
This gave the murderer his opportunity, which he was not slow to seize.
He is evidently more vigilant than the police, and has the advantage that he can study their movements without being himself subject to espionage.
The present victim is the eighth who has fallen before the Whitechapel fiend.
The fourth one was found in Hamburg street, not far from the location of this one, and at the time she was discovered there was written on the wall near the body the legend:
"Fifteen before I surrender."
According to this, seven more lives are yet to be taken, and from the success which has thus far attended the murderer's operations, it seems entirely possible, perhaps probably, that he will be able to fulfil his horrible intentions.
The appearance of the remains found last night was frightful, and the mutilation was even greater than in the previous cases. The head had been severed and placed beneath one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disemboweled and the flesh was torn from the thighs. The womb and other organs were missing. The skin had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed into the stomach.
The victim, like all the others, was a lewd woman. She was married, and her husband was a porter. They had lived together at spasmodic intervals. Her name is believed to have been Lizzie Fisher, but to most of the habitués of the haunts she visited she was known as Mary Jane.

She had a room in the house where she was murdered. She carried a latch key, and no one knows at what hour she entered the house last night, and probably no one saw the man who accompanied her. Therefore it is hardly likely that he will ever be identified.
He might easily have left the house at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock this morning without attracting attention. The doctors who have examined the remains refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held.

Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body lies and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope to running the assassin down with their assistance will have to be abandoned."

Closing the papers, I sigh and thought really now I am getting tired of all these killings I must find some other method of making news for my newspaper.

THE END

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Terror in the Night

London 1888.

The hunt was on for the elusive killer in Whitechapel ,a squalid slum district in London. Four gruesome murders were already commited following a similar pattern. Police patrols were tightened in and around the city, even a vigilante group was formed by citizens to catch the culprit, but all to no avail . The killer proved to be very clever and elusive still . Women were warned to walk in pairs during the night. Strangers were arrested and questioned at the various police stations as fear and terror gripped the City.

It was a cold, foggy November night in 1888.
The narrow streets of Whitechapel was almost deserted but for a few coaches passing by occasionally. A tall, lone figure, with a long flowing black coat, top hat and carrying a black bag was walking briskly along the cobbled pavement , his head bowed, the brim of

his hat shielding his face. His footfalls echoed on the cold cobblestones.

AS the thick mist swirled around him, he made his way along the deserted street.

“Feeling naughty, Sir?" asked a seductive, husky voice coming from the shadows of a nearby alleyway .

The man stopped. His wild eyes scanned the the dark entrance of the alleyway

A woman emerged clad in a long fir collar fur coat.that fell to her ankles

She was a bit on the plump side, in her twenties. She had a small artificial dot on a side of her red , pouted lips and smelled of cheap liquor. Her flaming red hair was tucked beneath a flowered scarf.

The man gasped inwardly. *I have found the slut at last* He thought bitterly.

‘ How much?” The man asked in a well modulated voice trying to

control himself

The prostitute smiled, showing a missing tooth in the upper row of her tobacco stained teeth,

‘For you, sir, two shillings!’ she responded hopefully.

Slut ! He thought furiously .

“Where shall we go?" He asked bluntly .

“I have a little room at the back.”she replied softly,” Follow me please“

The man clutched the handle of the little black bag he carried firmly, and followed her.

They entered a dark room and the woman went across the floor and lit an oil lamp besides the bed.

The room was approximately 12 feet square. Opposite the door was a fireplace. On the left of the door and at right angles to it were two windows, one of which was close enough to the door as

to be able to reach through it and unbolt the door. To the right of the door was a bedside table so close that the door would hit it when opened. Next to the table was a bed with the head against the door wall, its side against the right wall. The room contained two tables and a chair and a cheap print entitled "The Fisherman's widow" hanging over the fireplace. Opposite the fireplace was a small cupboard which contained cheap crockery, empty ginger beer bottles and a little stale bread.

“The money first, please” she requested politely .

“Money ? ah ,yes.” the man replied evenly. He set the bag down gently on the bed and took off his hat. and turning his broad back to her as she began undressing.

The man rummaged around a bit in the bag then paused.

“Is something wrong ,sir?”she asked as she saw him stiffened

He turned suddenly, his eyes blazing. In his gloved hand he held a long blade knife. It's blade gleaming in the light .

“You?' she cried astonished recognizing him. She froze with terror at the sight of the knife.

“Yes, me, slut!” She tried to get away, but the man grabbed her quickly. He wrapped a gloved hand over her mouth and with a deft practiced stroke slit her throat severing her cartoid artery. Blood gushed from the wounds in spurts. The body went limp. He then threw her on the bed .and went into his frenzied mutilations.

"Slut! "He screamed as he began slashing at her face in a criss cross manner "You must die!" he raged on ," Die, like the rest of them!". He went into a frenzy mutilating her warm body. A few minutes later gathering up his belongings, he left the premises and disappeared into the foggy night.to a secluded spot where he shed his blood soaked coat.

Later that morning the police found the body on the bed covered with blood. The walls of the room was spattered with blood, He had repeatedly slashed her face and sliced off her nose and ears

and set on a bedside table. Along with her nose and ears lay her heart, kidneys and her breasts. He had gutted her as well ,placing her intestines on the table alongside the dissected entrails. It was the most horrific of all the previous murders. One of her legs was even sliced open to the bone. Even the hardened officers was appalled at the gruesome sight.

They all realized fully now that a fiendish monster was in their midst.

A week later after the gruesome murder. the Ripper was in his flat in front of the fireside sipping some Port. He was deep in thought.

"Some how, he's got to end this torment" he told himself .He knew what he must do.

Finally, after much thought, He went over to his desk,took out a sheet of paper and wrote:.

"*To anyone finding this note.*

By the time you read this letter, I shall be dead, I cannot go on like this. The torment is too much and weighs heavily on my soul. I cannot carry this secret for the rest of my life . I must now put an end to it.for the safety of all. I confess that I am responsible for the last five recent murders here in Whitechapel, namely that of Mary Nichols ,Anne Chapman, Cathrine Eddoes ,Elizabeth Stride and finally ,Mary Kelly in Spitalsfield ,the woman I was searching for, who not only had she rrobbed me that dreadful night, but also gave me the dreaded disease. The sores are now festering in my groin and the pain is unbearable . In short, I am rotting.I tried the mercury cure but to no effect,. I was bent on revenge, until I found her which I did at last in Spitalfields. The killings proved too strenuous for my conscience .I have much remorse for what I did to them and may all forgive me."

Signed Sir John Wester, MD, FRCS.alias "Jack the Ripper"

That evening, the doctor with heavy stones in his coat pockets, walked to the bridge and took a last look around at the fog

shrouded surroundings then climbing over the safety rails , he and jumped into the murky waters below.

Post Script :

A week later the police found the note after a neighbour reported that the doctor's front door was seen left opened for a few days. An investigation was made and the note was found.

" Unbelievable !" cried Chief Inspector Gordon. of Scotland Yard after reading the note. "Why, for God's sake, he was living just a couple blocks away from here, right under our very nose."

"Yes ." replied his assistant Hemmings," and to think he was *our* very own chief Coroner as well."

"It's truly sad"said Gordon shaking his head.,still in shock.

The End

Rebecca

A story of revenge

Rebecca couldn't believe her eyes. After all these years, he was still alive. A shudder ran through her and a series of thoughts raced through her mind. Instinctively, she touch the ID number that was tatooed across her inner wrist. It was Dr.Gehbert she saw,the Commandant of the women's prison camp in Birkenau. Their eyes met a second, "Did he recognize me?" she wondered. Stunned, she got up and left the café'. She raced across to the parking lot and entered her car. Switching on the ignition, she still couldn't believe it. It was thirty years ago, yet, she remembered. It all came back in a flash as if it were only yesterday.

The long days of forced labor in dangerous conditions,the starvation, beatings and torture, medical experiments, standing at roll call for hours, random killings, and other atrocities. The "Mad Butcher" Dr Gehbert, who was given a free hand over a range of insanities, which were applied else where as well - The classification of skeletonsof men and women of various nationalities and races; heads severed and stored, sterilizations, how long people can live on salt water, hot and cold immersions,freezing, innumerable tests to see how people could die from various causes, injected with poisons or subjected to deadly diseases, complex and impossible forms of bone and skin grafts, demented attempts to rehape the human anatomy; without the benefits of pain killers or santitary safeguards and the list can go on an on of the atrocities committed in the camp where some women had their clitoris removed some would be inseminated artificially with a variety of semen and as pregnancy progressed, cut open for examination or to see how or when an aborion would be peformed, These abortions executed throughout the nine month period cycle, the rare of success nearly zero, the women dying lke flies in terrible pain from the butchery .

As she reflected on the atrocities in the camp, a bitter feeling of hatred well up inside of her and all because of the man she had just seen, whom she thought had died in the aftermath of the defeated Germany -the dreaded Dr Gehbert.

She drove home in a foggy state of mind and went immediately to the bathroom and vomited.

The next day she drove to the café, found a table by the window and sat down after ordering a cup of coffee at the counter. The place was beginnining to fill with customers.
After a few minutes, sipping her coffee, she saw him and a cold shiver ran down her spine. He was bidding a customer goodbye. She got up, slipped on

her dark shades and walked quickly across the street. She had worn a long sleeve blouse to hide the ID number.
She stopped in front of the shop. He saw her looking at the show window and came outside.
"Hello there," he said pleasantly."Could I interest you in some flowers today?"
" It was him alright" She thought,"Even down to the long scar that ran down the side of his right cheek, she remembered that, older, thinner,but him alright."…
"Sure, please do."
He invited her in and stood in front of some orchids.
"Well, this here is one of my favourites." he began …
" The Bastard !" she thought bitterly remembering his cruelty.
After buying some flowers, She invited him for tea the next day and gave him her address.He thanked her graciously and said,"It should be easy to find" and bid her farewell.

The next day, the buzzer rang at precisely four 'o clock. She answered it.

There stood on the doorstep the old Florist, all dressed up in a double breasted brown suit.
" Come in, Mr Rossi, Come in, please." Rebecca said pleasantly.

The old man carried a bouquet of flowers in his gnarled hands.

"This is for you ." the old man said with a smile."And please call me Frank."

"Why, thank you, Frank." She said, taking the bouquet.

"They are beautiful, here, take off your coat and make yourself comfortable."

He did and sat down in a sofa that was in front of a big TV. Rebecca went into the kitchen,
' Nice place you have here." he commented.

'Well I try" replied Rebecca from the kitchen.' How do you like your tea, " she asked.
'Without milk,thank you." he replied.' Do you live here alone?"

"Yes, ever since my husband died.'

' Sorry"

“That’s okay.” Replied “ Tell me something , Frank, how long have you been in Canada?”

‘Oh well, about fifteen years, I would say”

“And how do you like it here”

“Well, I still can’t got use to the weather.”

“Me too, even though I was born here, It’s terrible don’t you think?.”

“Rotten,” he replied, But I guess you can’t do anything about it, I guess.”

She came out of the kitchen with a tray carrying a teapot and two cups She set it down on the small coffee table that stood between the sofa and the TV. and sat down next to him, her grey eyes looking at him steadily. Frank looked away quickly ,wondering why she stared at him like that.

‘You know,Frank , it’s been awhile since I had a man.”

‘Really? A beautiful woman like you?”

“Thanks, I am beginning to feel lonely”

The conversation went on for a while and she asked him if he could spend the night with her. Of course, he agreed. He hadn’t sex for quite a while and maybe this was a chance to see if the old engine still worked.

The bedroom was shadowy ,saved for a light from a bedside lamp.

‘Undress while I go and freshen up“ she said softly.

In a flash, Frank got out of his clothes and into the warm bed, anticipating a night of bliss and pleasure.

He could hear a tap running in the bathroom.His heart thumped in anticipation.

A short while later, she returned, wearing a flimsy see through nightgown and, carrying what looked like a piece of silken cord in her small hands.

“I like to play a little game first.”She whispered softly as she crept into bed next to him, She began to tie his arms and legs to the bed post.
Afterwards, she found his penis which was half erect,and played with it for a while until it became fully erected and then slowly slipped it into her hot, tender flesh.

Frank sighed.

Frank was elevated to bliss as she began moving up and down slowly, sensuously. He moaned softly with pleasure and closed his eyes to focus on the delightfull sensations that raced through his frail body. He didn't see her reached under the pillow and retrieved a long blade knife.

“Monster!”, She screamed suddenly,

Frank opened his eyes and froze!

“Remember this, Dr Gethbert!?” He looked and she showed him her prison ID number tatooed on her forearm.

He looked and gasped in astonishment as he saw that she held a huge kitchen knife in her raised hands

Her beautiful face had contorted into a mask of hate, her eyes flashing .

She got off of him, took his now limp penis, and severed it with deft stroke.

Frank’s scream echoed through the house as blood spattered all over her from the severed arteriesof his penis.

“Die, pig ,die !”. she screamed

He tried to struggle, but the bonds grew even tighter, .A look of dread, horror and disbelief reflected in his eyes .

He stared and began struggling ‘ “No!” he cried,”The pain ,kill me !, kill me!’ He pleaded.
“Not yet, you bastard, not until you suffer a little as I did from your knife” she spat in his face.”
She remembered the night the men taking turns raping her as he stood by

laughing, and the painful amputation of her clitoris at his hands.

‘ For God’s sake, kill me ’he pleaded hoarsely, his face a contortion of pain. His pleading was music to her ears.

‘ Not yet”. She replied savagely.

“The pain !, the pain ! I can’t stand the pain!”he cried pitifully.

After watching him squirm a while longer,she reached out and slowly slit his throat,from ear to ear. His body went limp.

She watched the blood ooze out of the gaping wound with pleasure

The Hit

They met on the lonely sea wall . The businessman and the hit man. The businessman, a prominent man in the community waited in a small car as he watched the hit man drew closer on his motorcycle as was prearranged.
As the hit man pull up near the car window, he was handed a brown manila enveloped. "Every thing you need is inside, all his movements and habits are included also part of your fee " said the businessman in a soft voice adding, " when the job is finished you know how to contact me, ok.?"
"Yes" replied the hit man coolly, collecting the envelope, a slight smile crossing his thick lips, his beady eyes checking out the businessman through his dark glasses.
." Good," replied the businessman," "and I don't want any foul ups, you got it?"
The hit man took offense at the statement " Remember you are talking to a professional !" he reminded the businessman in a stony voice..
The businessman sensing his mistake, quickly apologized.
The hit man nodded his acceptance of the apology androde away down the narrow asphalt road and disappeared around a block leaving the businessman sweating in his car.
The businessman breathed a sigh of relief, took out a handkerchief and mopped his thick brows. "Well ",he said to himself " the die is now cast, there is no turning back now" He then shifted the gear and drove off.
It transpired that the businessman was having a torrid love affair with his secretary. Her husband was in the way, divorce was out of the question as they were both Catholics, so they had planned to get rid him so that they could enjoy each other's company without having all the fearful stress and strain of the clandestine hiding and seeking.
The plan was that the crime would be made to look like a break and enter affair, where the husband would be shot dead and after a decent period of mourning the couple would then get together on some Caribbean island where they would enjoy themselves without fear. However, foolishly he told the hit man that it was a business matter, that the target was moving into his territory of business, so he had to be eliminated.
.A week passed after the meeting on the seawall and yet no word from the hit man and the businessman was getting a bit worried that maybe something was amiss. he felt uneasy.when he received a phone call at his home. He quickly snatched up the phone ."Yes?"he quired nervously.
"It's me" said a calm voice from the other end.
Recognizing the voice, he breathed a sigh of relief and said "Well, it's about time, I was beginning to worry… how did it go?"
"I got him all right, but there was a slight hitch"
The businessman stiffened, a feeling of foreboding engulfing him.

“Hitch?, what sort of a hitch?” he quired frantically” What are you talking about?”
“Well, sir, you see,” replied the hit man after clearing his throat nervously,” It was like this, I managed to get into the bedroom where I found him sleeping and shot him twice in the head, the wife began screaming, I panicked and shot her too. now they are both dead...I couldn’t help it,”.
The phone went dead at the other end of the line as the businessman slumped into a sofa in total unbelief !

The End

The Escapee 2050AD

The Human kept running through the bushes, his pursuers close behind, He heard the strange metallic sounds in the distance, and the siren like whining .They coming closer and closer. His breathing was now laboured. His lungs felt like bursting., but he couldn't stop. knowingthat to do so would mean sure death in the disintegration chamber- It was then he heard the loud humming sound of the Tracer craft and knew that the search had intensified,

He saw a creek through the thin branches of foliage around him and moved quickly towards it, his heart pounding rapidly in his chest.

The evening sun was descending quickly over the dense jungle, bringing with it the bittersweet night which he hated because of the dreaded mosquitoes, but now which he welcomed for the cover it gave him after his two days of escaping from the dreaded death camp held by the hated Aliens.

He plunged into the creek which had a fast moving current and the water towed him away quickly at a reckless speed. He made a great effort trying to grasp at branches along the bank.

The loud humming sound of the Tracer craft was now only a faint sound in the distance and he felt a great relief. He managed to grasp a stout branch and pulled himself up to the muddy bank l gasping for breath. He laid on the bank for a few minutes catching his breath, then he began crawling to firmer ground, Getting on his feet, he then made his way through the bushes hoping that he would find some shelter for the night. but the raw night was brutal.

The night winds began to rise and he felt a chill coursing through his half naked body. He was going to die if he doesn't find shelter soon he reasoned. He began to shiver. He walked unsteadily ahead along a beaten path food ,warmth and shelter were now his dominant thoughts .He hadn't eaten for two days since his escape from the prison's " experimental" camp known as the "Death Camp" to the inmates,for few survived the experiments.

He now felt a sharp gnawing in his stomach. Night was now setting in fast and the mosquitoes were beginning their nightly hunt for blood, He kept swatting at them continuously, .cursing Creation for creating such vile creatures.

It was then he saw the light ahead through the bushes. He felt relieved and cautiously,

he made his way towards it. It was some sort of a cabin well hidden in the bushes and a light shone from within . Hopefully ,he would find shelter, he mused. as the crickets began its chirping.

As he approach the cabin ,a dog began barking fiercely . After a minute, he saw a tall man dressed like a trapper and holding a rifle emerging from the structure

“Who the hell is out there, come on out!” came a booming voice “I know you are out there,!” he continued “ Come out with your hands up or I will start shooting !”

The escapee thought quickly

"Okay” the escapee shouted back

“Hold your fire, I am coming out !’

With his hands in the air, he emerged from the bushes slowly, trying hard not to make any sudden moves. The trapper shone a light into his face which blnded him a few seconds.

“Come forward, slowly !” ordered the trapper pointing the rifle point blank at his chest

.The escapee obeyed .The dog kept on barking incessantly.

“Quit ,Prince!”commanded the trapper. The barking came to an abrupt halt.

“Okay,” asked the big man “Who the hell are you,where did you come from?"?”

“My name is Henderson .Couldn’t we talk inside, I am cold and hungry “pleaded the escapee.

The Trapper looked at him shivering, spat , then took pity on him and said “okay, go inside!’

Thankfully, the escapee lowered his hands and made his way quickly into the warm cabin. A fire was burning at the fireplace he rushed over ..The trapper told him to wash up,

After washing up and a big meal of beef stew and rice he feeling much better

The escapee then told the big man about the Alien invasion,the brief war, the defeat of the earth's super powers , his story of being captured and imprisoned by the Enemy and about the terrible experiments on the prisoners that took place in the camp . He fell fast asleep in the midst of the recital, leaving the trapper with his mouth opened in astonishment at the story. He had heard about the invasion and such camps but couldn't believe it. for he hardly left his camp. He sustained himself from his surroundings and lost contact with so called civilization years ago..

The Trapper lifted his limp form and took him to a corner of the room and laid him down gently on the fur covered bed, and covered him up with a thick blanket.

The next morning, the escapee awoke with bright sunlight beaming in on his face. He looked around and found that he was alone ,the cabin was empty and a chill ran through his body "Had the trapper gone to notify the authorities ?, What if he was working for the Aliens ? Where was he ?" These frightful thoughts coursed through his mind frantically but t hat would have been foolish because he would have tied him up securely had that been the case." He reasoned .

His questions were soon answered when he saw a note placed beneath a coffee mug that read "Gone huntin' help yourself to some coffee…will be back soon. Pan cakes in frying pan" in an almost illegible scrawl. The escapee smiled with pain poured some of the coffee in a flaked enamel cup and began sipping the tepid liquid. His beard began to itch and he wandered around the cabin looking for a razor. " There must be one somewhere " he figured.

He finally found an old time "cut throat" on a shelf alongside some shaving cream. Lathering his face lavishly with the cream, he began shaving, then nicked himself , suddenly he recoiled in shock and horror "No ! No!" he cried in disbelief" it can't be! ", he cried out in disbelief.

And then it all came back in a flash remembering how he was carried struggling from his cell into an operating room and was roughly strapped down onto a cold glass table surrounded by about six gray colored identical looking beings, who never spoke. He remembered the tubes being pushed painfully into his nostrils and anus and how he passed out from the pain. then awakening in his cell all bruised and sore from the ordeal as he watched in horror as a long stream of OIL came pouring out of the wound .

The Pact

An old story with a new twist!

Driscoll was a bitter old writer who plastered his walls with rejection slips.but he was driven by the idea that he was going to write a bestseller some day.

One day looking at the blank page on his word processor screen, and having his worse writer's block he became frustrated and swore out aloud

"I will sell my soul for an idea "

Suddenly, as if by magic, there was a rush of cold air in the room, even though the windows were closed.and an eerie voice said "Really, Discroll?"

Driscoll looked around and became alarmed and wondered if he was going nuts or some thing. Then, horror on horror, he saw a green cloud forming and eventually, a hideous looking creature stepped out.

Driscoll almost fainted from shock.

The creature said in a deep growl like voice,

"I was passing and I heard your oath, my name is Natas and I can grant you your wish for a small price".

Trying to calm himself, Driscoll stammered, "well I-I w-was j-just j-joking"

Shaking it's long tail the Demon said, "You can be the number one writer this year if you wish, and I can help you, I know all things " Driscoll thought this over quickly seeing himself in bright lights,with his books selling in the millions- a celebrity, "*Yes that would be great*! He thought.

"Well ? 'said the demon impatiently.

"W-what is the price?"

"Your soul" replied the Demon bluntly.

"M-my soul?" stammered Driscoll in disbelief

"Yes"replied the Demon , “not that it’s worth much after all the abuse over the years, but I will take it."

"I shall come for it in five years time at the stroke of midnight."

"B-but I will have to die first"

"Death is easy ,that can also be arranged in any manner you wish."

Driscol thought this over, "*Was five years of fame and fortune worth dying for?*. It was a tough decision.

"Perhaps you can give me some time to think it over"

"Being a reasonable person, I shall, Two days"

“Two days?"

"That’s all I can allow, even now I can hear others calling me for such a deal"

"Okay’,Okay, I will think it over, h-how can I contact you?" asked Driscoll finally

"At the stroke of midnight say "Beliel" three times facing West."

"Beliel? How do you spell that?"

The Demon told him and vanished leaving a bit of smelly sulphuric smoke behind.

Discroll rushed and open his windows gagging"

" Damn ! must be my imagination,"He thought.enjoying the fresh blast of air.

Two days later at the stroke of midnight Driscoll ,facing West, called up the Demon

"BelieL, Beliel, Beliel!"

The green mist appeared and the Demon stepped out,

"You didn’t have to shout, I take it that you agreed to the agreement."

"Yes" Driscoll replied.

The Demon then whipped out a piece of parchment and a plumed pen from beneath his cloak,

" Can I read the aggreement first? Asked Driscoll, a bit hesitant.

"You may." Replied the Demon and handed over the parchment which was written in old English

"Pardon the script, but I couldn't find time to learn modern English."

Driscoll sighed ,but managed to read the terms which said that he agreed to hand over his soul at midnight on the 12th August 2006 in return of five years of Fame and Fortune as a writer.

"Okay I agree"He said

" I will have to use some of your blood for ink," the Demon said evenly,"Just a couple of drops," he gestured, " Here hold out your hand,"

Driscoll did and The Demon pricked his thumb.

Driscoll took the plumed pen and signed.

The Demon took the pen scrolled up the parchment and said,

"A wise decision, my friend, well, see you then" and vanished.

The following years Driscoll became a celebrity, his books sold in the millions world wide as promised by the Demon.and he basked in the limelight of attention. He was named "Author of the Year" twice in succession.

However, over the years he had forgotten about the deal. It was at one of his book signing that the thought came to him suddenly "*The time is nigh*".and remered the deal with the demon.

He looked at his watch which read 11:00 pm. He still had some time to think up a plan to deceive the Demon

Driscoll excused himself from the crowd of fans and drove out into the open country to think of something to defeat the Demon.

It was a raining. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed intermittantly. through the dark moonless sky. He parked his car beneath a tree . Regretfully, nothing had come forward to defeat the Demon and save his soul ,so he sat trembling in his seat.. He looked at his watch. It read 12:05.

" *Ah*", he thought happily, "*He must have forgotten*".

Just then there was a loud crash of thunder and a bolt of lightning struck the tree, splitting it in two and a heavy branch crashed onto Driscoll's car killing him instantly.

He had forgotten that he always set his watch five minutes ahead!

The Salesman

Frank was in the bar drinking away his sorrows, when the tall

blond wriggled over to him and said in a soft voice

"May I join you?"she asked pleasantly.

Frank looked up at her.

She isn't a bad cookie he thought.

"Sure, why not, what are you having?"

The blonde sat down next to him and said in a syrupy voice

"A Gin and Tonic,Charley."she told the barman.

The barman smiled and filled the order.

"My name is Ella" she cooed softly

"Mine's Frank."

"Nice to meet you ,Frank."she replied flashing a beautiful smile.

"New around here, aren't you,Frank " She asked, sipping the cool drink slowly.

'Yeah, I am a salesman. Been in town about a couple of days now".

"Oh,I see,"replied the blonde,"no wonder I've never seen you here before".

"I 've been pretty busy.and I am running out of supplies.

"Yes? what's your line?"

"I work for a Hospital"

"Really?"

"Yeah, I supply syringes for my company"

The blonde shuddered .

"Oooooo! I hate needles."she said.

Frank smiled,'Well ,It's a living."

"I guess."she conceded.

Later at a nearby motel they found themselves in bed.

During their lovemaking ,the blonde suddenly felt a sharp piercing jab in her neck.

She stiffened , "Hey, that hurts!" she cried out painfully.

She then felt warm liquid flowing down her neck, realization struck her .

As Frank raised his head. She saw the bloody fangs and gasped.

"Y-You are a-a-a-a- vamp..." her eyes widened with fear and terror. She began to struggle, but Frank's weight pinned her down, he quickly placed a hand over her mouth, saying in a soft voice:

"Yes, my love, I also supply *instant* immortality," and bit deeply into her throat again

The End

Meteor !

Day 1

At first it was just a speck in the sky going unnoticed among the starsBut as the days go by it became bigger and bigger heading on a collision course with the Earth .It was not detected until by accident an astronomer saw it coming through a powerful telescopeA report was made to the authorities at Mt Palomar and with trepidation the authorities went into action.Old animosities were put aside and the military of the major supers powers were contacted so as to devise a plan to stop it in its tracks .The public was not yet aware of it and so as not to cause panic the information was not disclosed.

Day 2

It was decided by the military authorities world wide that a joint effort be made to stop the invasion and nuclear rockets were dispatched to seek and destroy the in coming entity. But to no avail. The rockets proved ineffective against the twelve mile wide invader!

Day 3

The meteor seemed to accelerate further and further on at tremendous speed at the stationary Earth

Day 4

News of the meteor leaked out and fear and panic gripped the peoples of the Earth as never before.

Day 5

The weather patterns began changing rapidly and there were giant tidal waves now 100 feet in height, toppling over huge oil tankers in the now roaring sea like match sticks. Loud claps of Thunder and jagged bolts of lightning ripped across the black skies as hurricanes and typhoons blast various coasts uprooting trees and demolishing houses by the thousands sending thousands of people to their deaths.The World was now in turmoil and chaos.Fear gripped the world as never before,panic and confusion were every where. even the Earth's wild life were affected scattering them in all directions like a disturbed ant’s nest frantically seeking refuge in the hills and other places for safety.

Day 6

The coalated military completely lost control of the situation.Their puny weapons were ineffective against the huge incoming juggernauth.

Day 7

The meteor could now be seen the sky at daytime growing bigger and bigger!The world trembled in fear.Where it would crash no one knew. Panic grew! instinctively, prayers were sent to various gods in various languages for protection.All heads turned upwards at the appalling sight.Then...A dark shadow fell upon the face of the Earth blotting out the sun as a huge highly metallic mother ship quickly placed itself between the incoming meteor and the Earth. The meteor was blasted to bits and the world watched in wonder and awe as the huge space craft slowly disappeared into the now clear summer sky.

Despite the horrid disarray of the Earth, the people of all nations rejoiced and gave thanks to their various gods for the miraculous rescue, perhaps knowing unconsciously that Earth was a favorite of the gods!

The End

Horror House.

(A true story)

The old Man took the little ten year old girl to his house and gave her some hot chocolate to drink. She hadn't noticed he had bolted the front door.

"When will you take me to the party?" she asked innocently.

"In a short while,Dearie," said the old man with a smile."I have to go upstairs and change."

The girl sipped her chocolate quietly and waited…and felt uneasy.

Shortly, the old man returned downstairs stark naked!

The girl gasped, spilling her chocolate all over herself.Getting up she said
"I'm gonna tell my mother"
"You will, eh?".he replied and drool ran down the side of his wrinkled mouth
She made a dash for the door, but the old man was fast .He grabbed her by her throat.
and began choking her. Her little body struggled to live but he was too strong for her.Soon after, there was a snap and her body went limp.

He propped up her head on an old paint can and decapitated herwith a sharp butcher knife knife, catching most of the blood in the paint can.
Afterwards, he threw the bucket of blood out into the yard. He then undressed the headless child, and cut her bodyin two with the

butcher knife and cleaver.

The next fews days the girl's parents received a letter which read :

" I called on you at 406 W 15 St. Brought you pot cheese -- strawberries. We had lunch. Grace sat in my lap and kissed me. I made up my mind to eat her.

On the pretense of taking her to a party. You said Yes she could go. I took her to a house in Westchester I had already picked out. When we got there, I gave her some hot chocolate to drink. I went upstairs and stripped all my clothes off. I knew if I did not I would get her blood on them.

When all was ready I went back downstairs. When she saw me all naked she began to cry and tried to run down the stairs. I grabbed her and she said she would tell her mamma.

First I stripped her naked. How she did kick -- bite and scratch. I choked her to death, then cut her in small pieces so I could take my meat to my rooms. Cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body. I did not fuck her tho I could of had I wished. She died a virgin."

The police was called in and an investigation was launched and eventually they found a clue.The handwriting from the letter he sent to the girl'sparents matched one sent by a roomer applying for a job as a janitor.

The return address led the Police to a rooming house not far away from the police station.

When given a description of the suspect. The landlady was

shocked as it had perfectly described a tenant of hers. A "sting" operation was set up by the police.
***
The old man shuffled in to the rooming house and spoke to the landlady.

"Did you received any mail for me today?"He asked.

"Yes." replied the landlady and went over to a cubicle behind the counter and took out a letter.

As she handed it to him, two police officers emerged from behind some curtains.

Caught by surprise, the old man quickly slipped his hand a pocket and and whipped out a straight edged razor and held it in front of him. However, He was quickly over powered by the two officers,and handcuffed.

"Caught you this time, Creep!" said one of the officers.

He was taken to the police station for questioning.

At the police station, he was taken into the interrogation room.

After confessing to a multitude of murders and cannibalistic acts involving children,the old man calmly went into his coat pocket, took out a finger and began chewing on it saying " God still have work for me to do !"

And began laughing hysterically.

The End

The Confession

The Cathedral was almost empty but for a few devotees scattered ,sitting in the pews.
A lone figure walked in ,shuffled down the aisle ,genuflected, made the sign of the cross then entered the confessional box that read "*Father O'Brian officiating*"
" Bless me Father for I have sinned," The man began clearing his throat."It's been twenty years since my last confession, I accuse myself of-of." He broke off, ".Father, If I confess, will you call the police?"
"I cannot, son, I took a vow of confidentiality" replied the Priest calmly.
Reassured ,the penitent continued " Then I accuse myself of killing five women recently".
The Priest gasped, horrified. A cold shiver washed over him. It was the first time in his twenty five years of hearing confessions he had ever heard such a confession, however, he calmed himself wondering if this was a prank.
He then said "Go ahead, son, tell me , what made you do it?"he asked curiously ,trying to get a glance at the man's face through the meshed divider, but the man's head was bowed.
"It was a whore, Father, a dirty, stinking whore who gave me the disease and that's when I started killing them, Father,"

"Yes?"

The voice continued, " I tried everything for a cure ,but nothing worked ,Father ,nothing! …His voice rose a few decibels "I am rotting , Father, do you hear me, rotting !" He began sobbing.

"Control yourself, son," urged the Priest very much concerned ,"and then what happened?"
"Well, are you sure you won't call the Police, Father"He asked again.
"I can assure you I won't,son" replied the Priest reassuringly .
"And that's- that's when I started butchering them, Father, I wanted to kill them all!" said the voice rising in anger "Now I can't even get an erection, Father, I am no longer a man !" he paused "It was then that I began my search for her ,the bitch who did this to me, "
"but son , there are remedies,…. said the Priest soothingly.
"I have tried them all ,Father, but nothing happens! not a bloody thing works!"He cried bitterly.
"I can arrange…"
"No , no, Father,It's too late" the voice cut in"I am doomed as a man" He said "Doomed because of what that slut did to me!"
There was some shuffling on the other side of the divider. "I must go now, Father, !"said the voice.
"Wait! "said the Priest,"I must give you absolution and penance to do"
"I can't wait ,Father, I must leave at once .The urge is upon me, pray for me , Father,I am lost!"
'Your name, son, " asked the Priest urgently, "What is your name?"

"The authorities call me Jack the Ripper !"

Upon hearing the dreaded name, the Priest gasped and quickly rose from his seat ,then an odd thing happened. He went around to the adjoining booth, grabbed the penitent by

the throat and began strangling him saying in an angry voice:
" One of your bloody victims was my niece!, you hear butcher, my niece !." he shouted.
The penitent struggled for his life but the Priest was too strong. There was a loud snap as the pentent's neck was broken. His body went limp as the proest continued to squeeze.

The End (554 words)

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Fright Night !

His name was George and he was an overweight man, in his late fifties going bald, and was now sitting in the living room reading the local newspapers.

"Listen to this, honey" he said to his wife Joy who was in the kitchen preparing supper.

"*Three rats infected with the bacteria responsible for bubonic plague apparently disappeared from a laboratory a week ago. Authorities have launched a search, though health experts said there was scant public risk."*

Yeah right ! he thought with a sneer

"*It is assumed that if the rats had escaped from the lab, they would have already died from the disease" he paused to catch a breath feeling a bit uneasy "The possibility of theft prompted the Institute to interrogate two dozen of it's employees and conduct lie detector tests. The FBI said they were investigating '*

""One week, and the bastards didn't tell us anything " said George incensed, "They don't care, they tried to cover it up!
"But is that legal? "His wife asked curiously
"I don't think so, but they will give us the usual crap that they didn't want to cause panic!'
"The lab they mentioned,George ,that's not far from here!,
"That's what I was thinking, about five miles from here"An uneasy feeling washed over him.
"And did they say Bubonic? Isn't that the plague that almost destroyed Europe during in the fourteenth century?" asked his wife alarmed.
"Something like that," He replied evenly," But I think they have

found a cure for it by now ,at least, I hope they have""
"Let's hope so !" said the wife nervously "for according to the history books as I recall reading in High School, people infected died like flies at the time, about 50 million in three years all over Europe, I think it was caused by fleas from infected rats, wasn't it?"
"Yeah, It's a scary stuff, alright " he said scratching his huge stomach and letting out a loud burp from the beer he was drinking.
"What are the symptoms? she said ,"I can't remember"
"Here, lemme go check it out"
With much sighs and grunts he got up and went over to the computer room nearby. He logged on to a popular search engine and pressed "bubonic plague symptoms" in the search box . After a short while he exclaimed,
' Hell bells, honey, this *is* scary stuff, all right , here's a quote from that period" and he began reading aloud,

." *The Black Death was so named as sufferers displayed a range of symptoms including the lymph nodes swelling with pus and breaking the blood vessels under the skin. a small swelling under the armpit ,sudden fever; spitting blood and saliva (and no one who spit blood survived it). this caused internal bleeding and turned the skin black.*
"Neither physicians nor medicines were effective. Whether because these illnesses were previously unknown or because physicians had not previously studied them, there seemed to be no cure. There was such a fear that no one seemed to know what to do. When it took hold in a house it often happened that no one remained who had not died. And it was not just that men and women died, but even sentient animals died. Dogs, cats, chickens, oxen, donkeys, sheep showed the same symptoms and died of the same disease. And almost none, or very few, who showed these symptoms, were cured."

“He switched off the computer and sighed, “ Wow !” He cried, ”Could you imagine something like that hitting the States today,eh honey?” he said gravely.
“I don’t even want to imagine “ she replied setting the table, “It’s gruesome, just thinking about it .It gives me the creeps!”
"No shit."
She added, “Here, George, come eat your supperr” It was then they heard the scratching at the door,
“What the hell was that , Honey?” He asked suddenly
“Sounds like some kinda scratching”
“Scratching? Hold on,pet, Lemme go and check.”
“Be careful” she warned apprehension in her voice.

George got up and walked to the door.

The scratching stopped.

He slowly unlatched the door and looked around in the darkness but saw nothing.
“Must be the wind.”he exclaimed with a shrug closing the door. Walking back to the table and he sat down
“George, I am scared,” said the wife,” What if one of the rats had gotten away?”
“It’s hardly possible,” he replied tying a bib around his neck, they sent in the exterminators and those guys are pretty efficient with all the high tech stuff these days and they did say that there were scant public risk “

The scratching began again.
.
“Holy shit, this is it,” said George angrily, getting up quickly

“Must be some kids playing a prank on us” his wife suggested
He rushed over to the cabinet drawer and pulled out a revolver.
His wife screamed “Don’t George!’ but he ignored her and shouted
“You out there , this is private property, and I am going to shoot any f***ing body I see out there, NOW! you hear?”

He rushed to the door and pulled it open then drew back quickly , "Shit !" he cried a mask of horror on his face.

There before him were two of the biggest rats he had ever seen in his life. They stared at him with steady red beady eyes. Suddenly they, in unison, pounced on him, knocking him off balance backwards to the floor. The revolver went flying from his hand. He fell heavily to the floor with a loud grunt.
"Run, Margaret Run!" He screamed hysterically as the rats quickly converged on him,. They began ripping at his throat between squeaks of delight . His blood curdling screams shattered the night ..He struggled hard for his life, gripping one around it’s thick neck, but to no avail, they were too powerful for himviting, ripping into his body. Blood spilled everywhere spreading over the carpet. Gurgling sounds came from George’s throat as his body went limp

His wife screamed. At the horror before her. Suddenly one of the beasts stopped it's feasting, turned and looked at her intensely. It's huge whiskers flickeredred as he looked at her, eyes glaring.
"No ! "she cried and tried to flee but she stood mesmerised as the bloody snouted beast approached her. slowly,ever so slowly, then as if in slow motion it sprang forward.

There was a loud shot and the beast went flying away from her, it's huge tattered body crashing against a wall from the shotgun blast.

Another shot rang out taking out the other rat, spilling it's blood ,brains and guts all over the now blood stained carpet.
A pair of state troopers stood in the doorway.
They looked at the trembling woman crouched in the corner.
'We were in the area and heard the screams "explained one of the men to the sobbing woman.
"And it looks like we got here just in time, "said his pardner
.
He called for an ambulance on his cell phone.

The End

A Note to the Reader.:

If you enjoyed these stories then you might want to read the companion volume "**The Whitechapel Horror and other Stories"**

www.lulu.com/content/423691

Thanks and tell your friends

Michael Kersting